



" Prompt to improve and to invite,
 " We blend instruction with delight."

VOL. V. [I. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, AUGUST 2, 1828.

No. 5.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
 " Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

A New Tale of Temper.

BY MRS. OPIE.

" Well my dear friend," said George Mowbray to Mrs. Sullivan, I hope you will be satisfied now, for I have serious thoughts of marrying." " I shall not only be satisfied but delighted," she replied, " if you make a choice worthy of you."

George Mowbray was an orphan who had inherited a large fortune from honourable ancestors, and in him, as he had neither brother nor sister, was centered all the accumulated wealth of the family. He had no vices; some virtues and talents; some learning; a great deal of taste; and a love for travelling and wandering about, which had led him to remain single, till nine and twenty, spite of the earnest advice of Mrs. Sullivan, though her influence over Mowbray's mind was unquestionably great. Mrs. Sullivan had been left a widow early in life, but had never formed a second connexion; and had passed the greater part of her time with Mowbray's widowed mother, till that lady died. She had therefore been very early interested in the fate of George Mowbray; and her sweetness of temper, her amusing talents, and the superiority of her understanding, made her society a constant source of benefit and pleasure to him, when, on Mrs. Mowbray's death, she took up the abode in the village adjoining Mowbray's estate. To her he imparted all his pleasures and his pains, his hopes and his fears; but hitherto they had not been those of a progressive attachment: now, however, to her great joy, there seemed a prospect of his having much to communicate; and she eagerly exclaimed, " Well, George, go on! is the wife found, or have you only resolved to look about for one?"

" She is found; and I verily believe I am now, for the first time in my life, really in

love."—" I am glad of it; but who is the lady?" " Do you not remember saying to me, as we were walking one evening at Tunbridge Wells, Look, George: what a beautiful girl that is?" " I do," replied Mrs. Sullivan gravely. " So, then, it is Miss Apsley whom you have chosen for your wife." " It is that identical beauty, whom your good taste pointed out to me. While you were in London, her father who had retired from business, hired that pretty house across the common which you admire so much."—" Indeed! Did you become acquainted with the family before he hired it?" " Yes, after you left the Wells, I was introduced to them; therefore, as soon as they came hither, I called on them." " No doubt." " And I soon found that I was almost in love." " Then it is still only *almost* in love?" " I am too old to love without some discretion, and I have taken care to be very *guarded* in my advances, as I wish to know something of the young lady's disposition and temper before I come forward as a lover." " Very—wise, but how are you to acquire this knowledge?" " I shall be observant and watchful myself, and you perhaps will assist me with your penetration." " But the real temper of man or woman can be found out entirely, only by living in the same house, or going a journey with the object of one's solicitude." " True—but, where there is a family, I think it can be discovered in tell-tale looks at each other, sudden sharpnesses of tone, and brusqueries of manner." " Perhaps so—and has Miss Apsley brothers and sisters?" " One brother and two sisters." " Well, all I request is, that you will not let love throw prudence off her guard. We are agreed, that good temper is the most necessary quality in marriage—not for itself alone, but because it implies other good things in its possessor, namely, piety and good sense—as, without these, there can be no self-government, consequently, no good temper." " Yes—such is my opinion—and thence my projected caution."—" Which will be perhaps peculiarly necessary *here*." " Why

that emphasis on here, my dear friend?"—"Because I once saw Miss Apsley in a milliner's shop with her mother, and when the latter contradicted her she had a suspicious nip of the brow, and answered in a sharp tone of voice."—"Impossible?—her brows are bright. If they had been *black* indeed! And as to her voice, her mother is so *deaf*, that she was forced to speak *loud*, and you mistook loudness for sharpness."—"But the *milliner* was not deaf—and she spoke to her in the same manner, till she saw me, and then her voice became soft and pleasing again." "I am sorry," said Mowbray, rather pettishly, "that you are so prepossessed *against* Miss Apsley."—"Nay, there you are unjust—I know that a hasty judgment is like to be an erroneous one, I have therefore no faith in mine."—"But will you call on the Apsleys?"—"Certainly it is a duty which I owe you"—It will be a benefit conferred on me, as I think highly of your penetration, you know; and as the day is fine, suppose we go now!"

They did go, but the family were out. The next day the call was returned—and so sweet was Miss Apsley's voice, so unruffled her brow, that Mrs. Sullivan was almost convinced that she had judged her harshly. In the evening, Mowbray came to say, that, though she never went to evening parties, he hoped she would accompany him the next day to tea at Mrs. Apsley's. "There will be (said he) no company—no cards—only a little family music, which you, I know, will like."—"Oh yes," replied Mrs. Sullivan; "I will certainly go—as I am impatient to become acquainted with the fair Lavinia." Mowbray's park joined Mr. Apsley's garden; and having borrowed the key of the garden door, he conducted Mrs. Sullivan that way to the house. As the evening was fine, and the French windows of the drawing room, which opened on the lawn, were thrown open, the senses of the visitors, as they drew near, were regaled by the perfumes from a conservatory into which the sitting room opened, and their ears by a glee sweetly sung by the young members of the family. While, ever and anon, the pauses in the singing were filled with expressions of admiration from the parents; and dear Mamma, dear Papa, darling John, dearest Julia, sweet Lavinia, words of affectionate import, met the ears of the involuntary, and as *they believed*, unobserved listeners. "This is indeed, *family harmony* in more senses than one," said Mrs. Sullivan as she entered the house, while George replied by a smile of delight.

Every thing which Mrs. Sullivan saw and heard during the evening, accorded with this favourable impression. Still, she could not help remembering that there are such things as company looks, tones, and manners as well as dress. Mrs. Apsley was deaf, as Mowbray observed; and it seemed an habitual duty with Lavinia, to repeat to her dear mamma all that

was said that was worth notice. Her dear papa was gouty and lame, and her arm was kindly offered to him on all occasions—while her eye was attentive to all his wants. Her tones to her brothers and sisters were the essence of sweetness—and she seemed desirous of bringing forward into notice an ill-dressed, timid girl, with a pale cheek and downcast eye, whose name had been muttered rather than pronounced, by Mrs. Apsley, when Mrs. Sullivan entered, and who was, she concluded a *nobody*—a dependant on the family. It seemed therefore an amiable trait in Lavinia to notice her, and Mrs. Sullivan's kind heart made her eager to notice her herself. Nor could she help being much pleased with this nobody whose name was Mary Medway; for the pale cheek could, she found, be crimsoned by sensibility, and the downcast eye could light up with intelligence. That eye had also an expression which is touching and interesting in a person of any age, but particularly so with the young, from the contrast it forms with youthful hopes. For either eye had an expression of *resignation*: it seemed to say that the hopes of her youth had been prematurely blighted; that she had suffered, still suffered, and was content to suffer. But Mrs. Sullivan came to admire Lavinia; she therefore tried to give *her* her undivided attention.

After tea, the brother and sister sung glees; then Lavinia sung alone, accompanying herself on the harp. While Mowbray hung over her enamoured, Mary Medway meanwhile took her work, and retired to a corner, as if unable to bear a part in the concert. "Do you not sing, Miss Medway?" said Mrs. Sullivan. "Oh no madam," was the reply, "that is I do not sing well enough to sing in company."—"No, no," cried Mr. Apsley, "Mary is no singer."—"Is she not?" replied John, with a tone of peculiar meaning; "but how do you know, Sir? I am sure you never heard her?" Mrs. Sullivan thought, as John said this, that Lavinia looked at her brother with that nip of the brow and flashing eye, which she had observed in the shop; but then it might be meant to reprove the disrespectful tone in which he addressed his father; and as she called him, soon after, "dearest John," and told him he should not make Mary blush by talking of her singing, she supposed he was unjust. It was late before they took leave; and as they went home she gladdened the heart of her friend, by telling him, that she really thought he might allow himself to love Lavinia, but that he need not be in a hurry to propose to her. "Why not? I have no doubt that she always is such as you now see her, gentle and affectionate to her parents, and the rest of the family, and that she will be such a wife!"—"Perhaps so; but becoming manners are sometimes put on with becoming dress—and—did you see the look she gave her brother when he insinuated that Miss Medway could

sing!"—"Yes."—"Was it not a vixenish look?"—"No, it was a justly reproving one; for it seemed as if he was laughing at the poor girl; she can't sing, and he ought not to laugh at a girl in her situation." "A-propos—who is Miss Medway?" "An orphan, and distant relation to the family, whom they have taken in on charity. She was born an heiress, but speculation ruined her father, and he died in a jail."—"Poor thing!" replied Mrs. Sullivan, adding, after a pause, "I hope they are kind to her!"—"Can you doubt it?" answered Mowbray rather pettishly; "but perhaps you do, as you could fancy Lavinia's look vixenish, and that she has a suspicious nip of the brow."—"I must own, spite of your frowns, that I see it still, and that doubts of her temper still cling to me." "Surprising! light brows and eyes are commonly thought to give an expression of good humour; had she dark hair and eyes like Miss Medway, then you might distrust her."—"Pardon me, but had her eyes been like her cousin's, I should have had no distrust, for a milder, sweeter eye than Miss Medway's, I never parleyed with; I like that girl, she interests me excessively."—"What! that dowdy thing! you surprise me!"—"She is dowdily dressed, but no dowdy."—"May be so, but really I have scarcely looked at her, and I wonder you could, as you have such an eye for beauty and grace."—"I have an eye for expression also, and hers pleases me." Mowbray was really piqued, and provoked, at this avowal; and as there is no one so apt to be unjust as a man in love, except it be a woman in the same situation, he suspected his dear friend was hurt at his having formed an attachment, and was averse, in spite of her professed disinterestedness, at his being devoted to any other woman than herself; but the next moment he was ashamed of so unworthy a suspicion. However, he was glad that it was too late for him to continue the conversation, and he eagerly bade her good night.

During a whole month a visiting intercourse continued between the two families. The Apsleys knew that it was paying court to Mowbray, to shew great attention to his maternal friend, and Lavinia lost no opportunity of endeavoring to win her good opinion. But increased association with this family did not give rise to increased confidence in Mrs. Sullivan's mind; and, though she knew not exactly why, the pale, dowdy, dependant girl, and the abrupt John, were the only persons who seemed to her natural characters. She, therefore, exerted all her influence over Mowbray, to prevail on him to delay his offer awhile longer. To this he most reluctantly consented, and not without having fixed a day at a fortnight's distance, for making his proposals: which day was rapidly approaching, when the Apsleys requested Mrs. Sullivan and Mowbray to dine with them, to partake of some fine moor-game.

That day Lavinia was more than usually gay and beautiful, her mother more than usually deaf, her father more than usually lame, and her filial attentions more valued and more marked. Mary Medway did not dine at home, but she returned in the evening, and in evident dejection. "Is she come?" said John, kindly to her in a low voice.—"Oh! yes, but she would not let me stay with her."—"I like her for that: I can't bear that you should run the risk of making yourself ill, Mary." Mrs. Sullivan's eye now turned on Mary with an expression of benevolent approbation, and she wished to hear more of the conversation, but Lavinia came between her and them, and, coaxing Mary's hair affectionately, and kissing her forehead, she called her "dear girl," with a degree of kind interest, which gave a favourable impression of her heart to Mrs. Sullivan, and made her ashamed of not loving her more than she did. Mowbray now requested Lavinia to sing to the harp, and, while she was tuning her instrument, he stood lost in admiration of the beauty of her neck and head, as she bent over the strings. At this moment John ran against the harp; and as Mary, who was passing suddenly started back to avoid John's treading on her foot, her work-basket caught a part of Lavinia's dress, of French work, and tore it. Lavinia's first impulse was evidently to give way to violent reproach against the carelessness of both; but she made an effort and forcing a laugh, cried, "Careless brother! but I forgive you!" while her faltering tone, and the crimson which spread itself over her back, convinced Mrs. Sullivan that she was in a passion, though she could not see her face. "And mistress of herself though her dress is torn!" cried Mowbray, rather *mal a-propos*, as his friend thought; but Lavinia smiled sweetly on him, and the flush of anger was mistaken by him for that of emotion at his praise. He might have been undeceived, however, if love had not blinded him; for as a pet dog jumped upon her, while she was pre-luding, Lavinia vented her concealed rage by giving it a blow, which sent it crying away. "Poor little dear! I had no intention of hurting it," said she, alarmed at what she had done, "but the dog cries at a touch."—"Any dog would cry out at such a touch as that," cried John, surlily. "You are always so cross to your sister, John," said the father. "She is always cross to him," said one of the younger girls, loud enough for her mother to hear. "How can you say so?" said she, "but you always take John's part, Laura, and never do Lavinia justice."—"O yes sometimes she does indeed, mamma," said Lavinia, "though I own I am jealous of her love for John. Come thou cross darling! come and sing a duet with me!" and Laura, in whose ear her mother whispered, smiled on her sister, returned her offered kiss, and sung as she was bidden. "How amiable, and how forbearing!" thought

Mowbray, "was Lavinia's behaviour." Mrs. Sullivan thought differently, and sighed when she recollected that, in a few hours more, perhaps the offer would be made, and Mowbray's fate fixed.

(Concluded in our next.)

The Mother.

BY MRS. HARRIET MUZZY.

It was midnight!—By a solitary lamp, a mother sat watching near the cradle, of her only child, whose low moans pierced her very heart, and whose quick heaving breath seemed a prelude to approaching dissolution. No words can describe the anguish of the mother. This infant was her idol, and it was about to be taken from her—it was her all, and she must resign it. Now with clasped hands, and streaming eyes raised to heaven, now bending low that she might hear if it yet breathed, the miserable mother had passed many hours of intense agony. She dropped upon her knees and breathed forth a prayer to heaven—such a prayer as none but a mother's heart can inspire—that the God of mercy would spare her child—that the terrible malady might be removed, and his lovely eyes once more open upon the light of the day! The mother's prayer was heard. It was the will of God, to restore the babe. The crisis of its illness was past, and the mother, wild with joy, and deeply impressed with gratitude, again looked on it with hope.

Years glided away—the boy grew in health and beauty, and the widowed mother rejoiced in her son. She hoarded her scanty pittance for his use, that the idol of her bosom should feel neither privation nor sorrow. For his sake she toiled. She procured for him the means of instruction, and neglected no counsel to inspire his young mind with sentiments of religion and virtue. Of her own wants she thought little. Her pleasure consisted in seeing him happy; for his sake she lived, and for his sake she would willingly have died. As time rolled on, the mother's heart had not been free from anxious fears and foreboding on account of her son. The boy loved her, but he was wild and reckless. He would escape from the vigilance of her careful love; and she knew that gay society had more charms for him than the solitary home of his mother. She feared, but as yet knew not all.

Twenty years had passed since that terrible night she had kept an almost hopeless vigil by his cradle, when her prayer of agony was heard and the babe restored to her hopes. It was again midnight, again the mother kept her tearful vigil but not by the bed of sickness. Her boy had become irregular in his habits—he heeded not the counsel or the tears of his mother, and night after night, she awaited his return with trembling fears. These watching cares were more dreadful than those which she had feared would be the last in his cradle. Her prayers were still offered up to heaven that

he might be restored—that he might be saved, not from death, but that worse than death—from wickedness. A knock came to the door, the mother flew to admit her boy. There was his lifeless body, borne by two of his companions. She fell senseless on the ground. Her maternal anxieties were hushed for a while in a death-like insensibility; but she recovered to hear the dreadful tale—that in a quarrel with his dissolute associates, her son had received a blow which caused his death! What tidings for a mother! She saw him laid in the grave, where she shortly followed him. Grief for his untimely and dreadful fate shortened the life which had been devoted to him who had brought her with sorrow to the tomb. How many mothers have reason (though from a different cause) to use the exclamation which Miss Moore puts in the mouth of the Jewish matron, "Why was my prayer accepted? Why did heaven in anger hear me when I asked a son?"

BIOGRAPHY.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

Count Capo D'Istria.

This nobleman, who has lately been elected President of Greece, was born at Corfu in the year 1776—a glorious year for the cause of freedom. His family had, from the year 1300, held an honorable place in the first class of citizens of the Seven Ionian isles. He studied in the universities of Italy, and returned to his country in 1798, at the moment when the overthrow of the Republic of Venice, introduced into the Ionian Islands the democratic power of France. He found his father a prisoner and threatened by the French Commissary with banishment, on account, it was said, of his political opinions. Count Capo D'Istria exerted himself with zeal and activity for the relief of his father, and had the good fortune to succeed. After the French had surrendered the Islands to the combined Russian and Ottoman fleets, and they had been formed into a Republic, under the joint protection of Russia and England, the Count, though still young, was employed in 1800 to organize the islands of Cephalonia, Ithaca and St. Maura.—This was the commencement of his political career. In 1802 he was appointed secretary of State for the Home Department of the Republic, and afterwards for Foreign Affairs, for the Marine, and for Commerce. One of the most prominent acts of his administration was the establishment of moral schools, which had not before existed in the island.

In 1807, the Isle of St. Maura was threatened by Ali Pacha. The Ionian government invested Count Capo d'Istria with the powers of Commissioner extraordinary on the frontiers and placed under his orders all the militia in the service of the Allied Courts in the Seven

Islands. In this campaign, under the cannon of Ali Pacha, Count Capod'Istria became first known to the Greek captains Colocotroni, Bozzaris, Karaïskaki, and other chiefs; and at this epoch his personal relations with the warlike part of Greece commenced. In July 1808, he was invited to St. Petersburg, to be employed in the foreign department. Thither he went in 1809, and remained there until 1812.—He was then employed in the suite of the Russian Embassy at Vienna, whence he was summoned to discharge the functions of Chief of the Diplomatic Department at the head quarters of the Russian army of the Danube, and afterwards with the Grand army. He continued with the army during the campaigns of 1813, 1814, 1815, and took an active part in the most important negotiation of this memorable epoch. In November, 1813, the Emperor Alexander sent him to Switzerland. The result of this mission was, that Switzerland made common cause with the Allied Powers against Bonaparte, and the system of the Helvetic confederation, as it now exists, was in part his work, in concurrence with the ministers of the other Allied Courts, and of the twenty-two cantons. Switzerland still feels for him a grateful affection. At the Congress of Vienna, during the conferences at Paris in 1815, and at Aix-la-Chapelle, Count Capo d'Istria, possessing all the confidence of the Emperor Alexander, was chosen to carry on the principal negotiations with the Allied Powers—negotiations which included those, the result of which was the placing the Ionian Islands under the exclusive protection of Great Britain. From 1816 to 1822, he exercised the functions of Secretary of State for Foreign affairs in the cabinet of the Emperor Alexander. In 1822, when the Court of Russia adopted the Austrian system with regard to the affairs of the Levant and Greece, Count Capo d'Istria resigned his office and retired to Switzerland, carrying with him marks of the unaltered kindness of the Emperor Alexander, and of the attachment of the most distinguished persons in Russia. In the beginning of the year 1826 he came to Paris, and it was supposed that he then intended to go to Russia.—He did not take the journey, however, until the month of May in the year 1827, and it was on his arrival in Russia that he received the news of the choice which called him to the government of the affairs of Greece. After a residence of two months in Russia, he retraced his steps, and was in France at the last advices, having brought a decree whereby the Emperor Nicholas gives him a complete discharge from his service, in terms which at once demonstrate the personal sentiments entertained by his sovereign towards him, and the character of the recollection he has left behind him in Russia.

Since his arrival in Greece, that country has assumed a new aspect. He has acquired an almost boundless influence and respect. His

commands are blindly obeyed; and in all the provinces private and public affairs are assuming an appearance of order, regularity and obedience, of which there was before no notion. He has had much success in his endeavors to heal the dissensions which had unfortunately existed among the Greek Chiefs. No Greek vessel is suffered to sail without a permission in writing from the President and thus a salutary check is put upon piracy. The different provinces are consolidated and it is said England, France and Russia are about to send Consuls thither.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

Death of Sir John Moore.

AT THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

Sir John Moore, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina was struck on the left breast by a cannon-shot; the shock threw him from his horse with violence; he rose again in a sitting posture; his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed upon the regiments engaged in his front; no sigh betrayed a sensation of pain; but in a few moments, when he was satisfied that the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt; the shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm was hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart broken, and bared of flesh, and the muscles of the breast torn into long stripes, which were interfaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket his sword got entangled and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge, a staff-officer, who was near, attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, "*It is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me.*" And in that manner, so becoming to a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight. From the spot where he fell, the general who had conducted it was carried to the town by a party of soldiers. The blood flowed fast, and the torture of his wound increased; but such was the unshaken firmness of his mind, that those about him, judging from the resolution of his countenance that his hurt was not mortal, expressed a hope of his recovery. Hearing this he looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and then said, "*No I feel that to be impossible.*" Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn him round, that he might behold the field of battle, and when the firing indicated the advance of the British he discovered his satisfaction, and permitted the bearers to proceed. Being brought to his lodgings the surgeons examined his wound, but there was no hope;

the pain increased and he spoke with great difficulty. At intervals he asked if the French were beaten, and, addressing his old friend, Colonel Anderson, he said, "*You know that I always wished to die in this way*" Again he asked if the enemy were defeated, and being told they were, observed, "*It is a great satisfaction to know that we have beaten the French.*" His countenance continued firm, and his thoughts clear; once only, when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated. He inquired after the safety of his friends and the officers of his staff, and he did not even in this moment forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. His strength was failing fast, and life was just extinct, when with an unsubdued spirit, as if anticipating, the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, he exclaimed, "*I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!*" The battle was scarcely ended when his corse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff in the citadel of Corunna. The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honours, and Soult, with a noble feeling of respect for his valour, raised a monument to his memory.—*Napier.*

Jonathan and the Carolinians.—An agent for a wooden clock manufactory left Connecticut a few years ago with a large quantity of his ware for a southern market. In passing through South Carolina, he found a ready sale for his clocks, and having disposed of them all but one, he began to retrace his steps; but on arriving at a place where he had disposed of one of his clocks, the purchaser challenged him with being a cheat; that his clock would not go. Jonathan looked at the clock, and very gravely observed "that he had one bad clock which he did not intend to sell, but through mistake you have got the one. I have an excellent one left, the price is but two dollars more, and I will warrant it to run forever." The exchange was made, and the purchaser did not object to the difference in the price.—The trick proved so successful, that Jonathan continued the same rout home which he had travelled on going out; keeping one clock to exchange for those that would not go, which proved to be the case at almost every stopping-place.

A Match for a Bailiff.—Two sheriff's officers were recently sent to execute a writ against a Quaker, well known in the City.—On arriving at his house, they saw his wife, who in reply to their inquiries whether her husband was at home, replied in the affirmative, at the same time requesting they would be seated, and he should speedily see them.—The officers waited patiently for some time, but he did not make his appearance: and the fair Quakeress coming into the room, they reminded her of her promise that they should see her husband. "Nay,

friends," replied she, "I promised that *he* should see *thee*: he has seen thee—he doth not like thy looks, and therefore hath avoided thy path and quitted his house by another road."

Air of Ireland.—Lady Carterit, wife of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in Swift's time, said to him one day, "The air in this country is very good." Swift fell on his knees and said, "For God's sake, madam don't say so in England; they'll most certainly tax it."

When to praise.—Praise the fineness of the day when it is ended; praise a woman when you have known her; a sword when you have proved it; a maiden after she is married; the ice when you have crossed it; and liquor after it is drunk.

Byron.—When Lord Byron was cut by the great, on account of his quarrel with his wife, he stood leaning on a marble slab at the entrance of a room, while troops of duchesses and countesses poured out. One little, pert, red-haired girl stood a few paces behind the rest, and as she passed him said, with a nod, "Ay, you should have married me: and then this would not have happened to you."

Two friends who had been separated a great while, meeting by chance, one asked the other how he did? He replied that he was very well, and *was married* since they had last met. "That is good news indeed." "Nay not so very good neither, for I have married a shrew." "That is bad too."—"Not so bad neither, for I had two thousand pounds with her."—"That is well again."—"Not so well neither, for I laid it out in sheep, and they all died of the rot."—"That was hard in truth."—"Not so hard neither, for I sold the skins for more than the sheep cost me."—"Aye, that made you amends."—"Not so much amends neither, for I laid out my money in a house, and it was burned."—"That was a great loss indeed."—"Not so great a loss neither, for my wife was burned in it."

Colonel Emerick, a sportsman and a soldier, being pursued by a party of light horse, when going with dispatches from his commander-in-chief, the late duke of Brunswick, rather than surrender, leaped a precipice, with his horse, of thirty-six feet fall, without receiving any injury, and continued his route! In commemoration of this bold and gallant daring, his statue on his steed, was erected on the spot, at Brucksel, in Germany, a monument of his zeal and integrity.

An Irishman who some time ago was committed to Knutsford House of Correction for a misdemeanour, and sentenced to work on the tread wheel for a month, observed, at the

expiration of his task, "what a grate dale of fatigue and botheration it would have saved us poor craters if they had but invented it to go by steam, like all other water mills; for d—l burn me if I have not been going up stairs this four weeks, but never could reach the chamber-door at all, at all."

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1828.

NEW AGENTS.

New-York.—68 Fulton-Street, George W. Everitt; Albany, at the little Bason on the Pier, James F. Whitney; Essex, Lewis Person; Onondaga Hollow, Russell Webb; Marcellus, W. D. K. Conkey; Elizabethtown, Harry Adams; Durham, Timothy Williston and Stephen Gilbert.

Massachusetts.—Lenox, John G. Stanley.

New-Jersey.—Howel Furnace, J. D. Arvin.

Georgia.—Athens, Clark co. Felix George Heard; Greensborough, Greene co. John C. Daniel.

Ohio.—Cincinnati, Vere Royle.

The Spy Unmasked, or the Memoirs of Enoch Crosby, alias Harvey Birch, the Spy of the Neutral Ground, is the title of a work recently published by the Messrs. Harpers of New-York. The author is Capt. H. L. Barnum, of the United States' corps of Topographical Engineers, who received the principal incidents of Mr. Crosby's life, in the order in which they occurred, from his own lips, at his residence in Putnam county, and took them down in short hand. From these was composed the biographical sketch now offered to the public. It is ornamented with six copperplate engravings, one of which is a miniature likeness of Harvey Birch, taken from life, with a *fac simile* of his signature.

Of all Mr. Cooper's novels, the *Spy* is most to our liking; the character of Harvey Birch is one of intense interest, and Mr. Crosby being the original of that excellent portrait, we anticipate much satisfaction from the perusal of his life.

We copy the following notice of the marriage of Mr. John Winslow Whitman, Esq. Editor of the *Bachelor's Journal*, who, was lately married to Miss Sarah Helen Power, of Providence, from the *Bower of Taste*, edited by Mrs. Katharine A. Ware:—

"*How have the mighty fallen?*" We learn that the great bulwark which has recently been erected in defence of celibacy, has by 'Providence,' been deprived of one of its most ornamental and *strongest* **PILLARS**. Lo! Sampson—the Philistines are upon thee! Thy ambrosial locks are shorn, and thou hast 'become weak as another man!' In short! the '*Editor*' of the '*BACHELORS' Journal*' is.....**MARRIED!** Think of that, Ladies!—*even he*, hath yielded to the spell of 'Power!' Even he, who whilome flourished his goose quill so manfully in defence of '*single blessedness*.' We hope he will forward us some of his cake for this notice."

Nihil tam firmum est eni periculum
Non sit etiam ad invalido.

New-York Mirror.—We have received the three first numbers of the sixth volume of this work, which commenced on Saturday, July 12th. It is decidedly one of the best periodicals of the day; and when we take into consideration the indefatigable exertions of its Editor to render it worthy of patronage, and his competency to the task, we think the price, four dollars per annum, sufficiently low. The value of the present volume of the *Mirror* will be considerably enhanced by literary notices. The 3d No. contains a very interesting one of "*Tales of the West*." These volumes, contain seven

different tales, denominated "Valley of the Lizard," "The Miner," "The Exile," "The Legend of Parcova," "Wesley and his Disciple," "St. Martin's Isle," and "The Power of Affection." They display, says the editor of the *Mirror*, an intimate knowledge of human nature, and the deeper feelings of the heart. Of the first tale, entitled "The Valley of the Lizard" he has given a brief and interesting outline, which would our limits allow us, we should be glad to transfer to our pages. From the beautiful extract in the *Mirror*, from "Wesley and his Disciple" containing an account of the effect of the appearance and preaching of the celebrated reformer, Wesley, in Cornwall and its vicinity, from which we copy the following:—

"His name was like the gathering cry that once summoned the northern clan to its plaided chief. The old and infirm left the cottage, from which years before had never known them to wander, and leaning on their staff, hastened to the spot. The mother bore her children along distant and rugged paths, while groups of every age, sex, and rank, passed eagerly on where the minister was soon to arrive. At the moment he appeared, there was neither murmur nor sound of exultation, but silence as deep as the grave, and every look rested on his with an expression of unspeakable reverence and expectation—and his presence might well command these feelings: few that ever gazed on that fine and majestic countenance, could afterwards banish it from memory. His large grey eye had no fire of earthly passion; but, always animated, beamed full of pity and mercy—or far more seldom shot forth terrors on the heads of the guilty. The love of riches he scorned—the love of women he knew not; but, to the eternal interests of others gave every faculty of his powerful mind, every affection of his heart. His hair, white as silver, fell gracefully over his forehead and shoulders; his voice though not strong, was perfectly clear and articulate, and, in the deep silence always preserved around, was heard in the remotest parts of his congregation. They were often gathered on the hill side, where it sloped gradually down to the shore, or on a beach amidst rocks, and the murmur of waves. And here, when the sun gave her parting beams to the scene of that silent multitude—moveless, entranced in ear and eye by that look which told only, and that voice of a silver sound which spoke only of things immortal—it seemed as if they mutually stood on the verge of earthly things, and that eternity, like the sea spreading far at their feet, was open and present to their view."

March of Mind.—At a female seminary in Connecticut diplomas, premiums, and titles, have lately been conferred upon several young ladies, for excellence in literary attainments.

Philip White, Coroner was called on Sunday last, to view the body of James Thorp, verdict of the Jury, he came to his death by accidental drowning while bathing.

Also on Monday last, to view the body of Lee L. Hill, verdict of the Jury, he came to his death by the visitation of God, or some cause to the Jury unknown.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. King, Mr. Raymond Reynolds to Miss Christina Phillips, of Kinderhook.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. King, Mr. Robert Lawton, to Miss Elizabeth D. Crossman.

By the Rev Mr. Sloyter, Mr. Alexander Pless, to Miss Sarah Lawton.

DIED,

In this city, on the 22ult. Francis, an infant child of Francis Andrew, aged 5 months.

On Friday the 25th ult. Isabella, daughter of Mr. David Lapon aged 1 year and 7 months.

On the same day, William Henry, son of William and Cornelia Ostrander, aged 2 months.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.
STANZAS.

O, when at last my days are gone,
And I have sunk to rest,
Let no rude monument be rais'd
To press upon my breast;
But let the weeping willow there
Its branches gently wave,
Or let the yew or cypress stand
Beside my lonely grave.
Let the sweet briar and the rose
In wild luxuriance bloom,
And let the creeping ivy twine
On my neglected tomb.
Let not the gay and joyous smile,
Where I in peace shall lie,
But let the broken-hearted seek
That lonely spot to sigh.

HENRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.
A SEA SCENE.

The vessel was riding
In pride on the sea,
And nought interrupted
The sailor boy's glee.
The moon-beam was playing
Upon the blue wave,
Which smoothly was rolling
O'er many a grave.
The night-star was shining
In glory on high;
And o'er ocean's surface
Skipped the bright fire fly,
The soft strains of music
Were heard from afar;
The notes of the timbrel,
The flute and guitar,
As they swelled o'er the waters,
Arose on the breeze,
Resembled in sweetness,
Divine melodies.

"An hour passed on," but how changed the scene!
Dark clouds were hovering round, I ween,
The storm was gathering fast on high,
No friendly star met the sailor's eye.
He read his fate in the lightning's flash,
He heard it echoed in the thunder's crash.

A. C.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.
TO —

Written on the receipt of an acrostic, from an unknown friend.

Ah! why my friend thy name conceal,
From him, whose breath beats warm for thee,
Whoe'er thou art, thyself reveal,
And thou shalt find a friend in me.
Thy heart I know, 'tis friendship's seat,
Where every virtue loves to dwell,
I hear it throb, I feel it beat,
I know thy virtuous heart full well.
Thy verse, thy pen, has told thy heart,
Reveal'd the virtues of thy breast,
From thee may happiness ne'er depart,
May every blessing with thee rest.

Strong hast thou bound this heart of mine,
With friendship's heavenly cords to thee,
'Twas thou that struck thy harp divine,
And sounded friendship's lyre for me.

O'er thee has science spread her wings,
Thy verse, thy numbers, sweetly flow—
In thee, the heavenly muses sing,
In thee, the charms of virtue show.

You soar aloft, the poet's flight,
Child of Apollo—and of love,
In thee, the seraphs will delight
And fly with thee to realms above.

W. D. K. C.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Letter O.

PUZZLE II.—Because he is designing.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

I am composed of six letters and am found among
Men, Women and Children, but no one will own me.

My 1st and 2d are used by Merchants;

Add my 3d, and it is an animal;

My 3d, 4th and 5th is a curse to Nations;

My 3d, 4th and 6th is used in Firearms;

My 2d, 4th, 5th and 6th transposed is used by every
body;

My 1st, 4th, 5th and 6th is used by Ladies and Man-
ufacturers;

My 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th transposed, is used by Dyers;

My 1st, 2d, 3d and 5th transposed is a bird;

My 2d, 4th and 5th is used by seamen;

My 1st, 2d, 5th and 6th is applied to criminals;

My 1st, 2d, and 6th is a fish;

My 2d, 5th and 6th transposed, is applied to children;

My 1st, 3d and 4th transposed, is the cry of a bird;

My 2d, 3d and 5th transposed, is done by seamen;

My 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th is a family name;

My 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th reversed, is performed by
Beasts of labour;

Leave out my 4th and transpose me, and I am found
in churches;

My 1st, 4th and 5th is a small carriage;

II.

Take me all in all I add charms to every lip, except
the envious one; yet change the place of my members
and every living thing except fish and reptiles detest me;
again transposed I become what all travellers wish be-
hind them; and again transposed a mighty Eastern mon-
arch's name. Divested of one of my members I am
what all masons love and must have; and again trans-
posed what all women would be, what all duellists wish
to be and what all vines are; again transposed I will
always be found at church; and again take me all in
all and I am the fruit of an Eastern tree.

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